E-221-5-2

Northern Messenger

E W Brunscombe Esq
KILLAMS MILLS
NB

VOLUME XXXVI., No. 46 MONTREAL, NOVEMBER 15, 1901. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

A Thrilling Missionary Story.

By means of an illustrated lecture, Mr. Worrall recently told in a most graphic manner the history of Fijian missions.

After a short preface telling of the introduction of Christianity into Fiji by our early missionaries, Mr. Worrall took, as an illustration of the difficulties they met with and the methods they employed, the tragic story of the last journey into the Navitilevu hill-country of that devoted missionary, the Rev. Thomas Baker, who was killed and eaten by the mountaineers of Navosa in 1887, together with one of our best native missionaries, and seven of the nine young men who followed him on that fatal journey..

The first of the lantern slides illustrating the narrative was a picture of the mission house at Rewa, the head station of the great circuit which extends for a hundred miles down the coast of Navitilevu, including a great part of the hill country also, as well as a number of outlying islands. A few miles up the noble river, on one of whose deltas the Rewa mission house stands, was the station at Davuilevu (the Great Trumpet), where Mr. Baker lived, and whence he started with the intention of crossing the island, and returning by boat from the coast on the other side. Up to that time no missionary had been able to penetrate far into the hill country, and those who had made the attempt had been compelled to flee for their lives. Mr. Baker, however, was sanguine of success, and started in good spirits after kneeling before God in prayer with his wife and their little ones. In connection with his boat journey up the river, Mr. Worrall showed two exquisite lantern-slides, one a moonlight scene on the river, and the other a number of passing canoes.

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER AND HIS DOGS.

WARNINGS.

At their first stopping place, Viria, the chief town of a powerful tribe, one of Mr. Baker's young men had a remarkable dream. In his sleep he heard a noise of war, and a confused struggling crowd appeared before him. One of them broke away, and came running towards him carrying a human arm cut off at the shoulder. 'I looked at it,' said the young fellow, as he told his dream to the missionary in the morning—'I looked at it, and it was the arm of a 'mbokola' (a body cooked for eating)—and, sir, "it was white." Lest it should be your arm, sir! oh, sir, let us go back!' This vision of the night was doubtless suggested by the young man's fears; not mere coward fears for himself, but well-founded anxieties on behalf of the missionary whom he was following to his death. But Mr. Baker was not a man of the going-back sort, and he kept his face to the front.

Mr. Worrall's pictures show mountain scenes of great beauty, with gorges rising 1,000 feet sheer from the river-side, through which the mission party took their way. From the top of one of these heights Mr. Baker looked with a powerful pocket telescope down the windings of the river below. The sun was shining brightly on the scene, which is one of entrancing beauty, but the shadow of the mountains rested on the country behind him.

'Setareke,' he said to the devoted native minister who was with him, 'the land down there is full of light, but yonder all is dark.'

There was a double meaning in this saying, and Setareke caught it at once. 'True, sir,' he replied. 'And would it not be well for us to turn our faces to the light, and go back?' 'Not so,' the missionary replied. 'It is our business to go on, and take the light with us into the dark.' And they went on to their death.

CANNIBALISM.

After they crossed the mountain stream at a ford shown in one of the slides, they met two mountaineers with the enormous heads of hair that used to be worn in the heathen days. These were specimens of the hillfolk, and in connection with their former cannibal practices Mr. Worrall exhibited a picture that has a dreadful story attached to it. It is the site of an old heathen temple at Namosi called Rukunitambua, and round about it are hundreds of stones, each of which tells a fearful tale. A subject tribe, whose town was some little distance from Namosi, had committed an unpardonable offence, and were condemned to a frightful doom. The earth-mound on which their temple had stood was planted with the mountain 'ndalo' (arum), and when the crop was ripe, the poor wretches had to carry it down to Namosi, and give at least one of their number to be killed and eaten by the chief. He used to take advantage of these occasions to have his hair cut, for the human sacrifice was supposed to avert all danger of witchcraft if any ill-wisher got hold of the cuttings of his hair, human hair being the most dangerous channel for the deadliest spells of the sorcerers. The stones round Rukunitambua represented these and other victims who had been killed and eaten in Namosi. Each stone was the record of a murder succeeded by a cannibal feast.

THE MESSENGER OF DEATH.

Mr. Baker and the mission party reached a town called Nandawarau, where they remained for three days, preaching to the people, and talking to them about the blessings of Christianity. It was from this place that the missionary wrote his last letter to his wife, in which he said, 'Kiss the children for their father, and tell them to pray for me.' The chief of the tribe was very friendly to the missionary, and tried to dissuade him from going on. His private oracle, he said, had given him a warning. Mr. Baker's own men also entreated him to return, but without avail. The chief had better reason for his dissuasion than his 'oracle' could give him. Following the mission party there came from the chiefs of Waikalou a mes-

senger of death. The Waikalou were a strong and warlike tribe. They had no personal grudge against Mr. Baker, but one of their towns had been burnt by a Bau war-party, Bau was 'lotu' (Christian), and, therefore, according to Fijian notions to kill the 'lotu' missionary and his party was good revenge. Their messenger carried with him a whale's tooth for presentation to the hill-tribes asking that Mr. Baker and his party should be put to death. The Nandawarau chief refused the tooth, but he sent the messenger on, although he had given Mr. Baker one of his own men to guide him to the Navosa tribe.

The herald followed Mr. Baker from Nandawarau, but did not overtake him that day, for he went to a town called Tavua, expecting to find him there. Mr. Baker had met a Tavua man in the path, and the man invited him to come to his town, but he unfortunately said that he was going to the chief town, and could not turn aside. The man reported this in Tavua, and the people there were very angry because their town had been thus slighted. So, when the Waikalou messenger arrived, enquiring for the mission party, and told them his errand, they sent him on with their own request added to it, and backed by what the natives looked upon as a perfectly irresistible whale's tooth, but which was the tusk of a walrus. Mr. Baker was taken by his Nandawarau guide to Nangandelavatu, the chief town of the Navosa folk. The people here did not seem to be friendly disposed towards him, and their manner was not encouraging. The visitors were taken to the 'Strangers' House,' which was immediately filled by a crowd of men who asked discourteous questions, spoke in a mocking tone, and made themselves generally unpleasant.

The chief, a man called Wawambalavu, was lolling in the doorway of the house, with his feet outside. As he was speaking to the missionary he felt someone touch his foot. Not a muscle of his face moved. He went on talking for a little while with an unmoved countenance, though he knew that there must be some urgent business afoot, for it is a heinous crime to call a high chief's attention by touching him, unless on an urgent matter of life and death. The Waikalou herald had come, and the chief was wanted to receive his message. The rest of the day was anything but a comfortable time for the doomed men, and after dark they saw on the hillsides the torches of the messengers who were sent out to call in the neighboring tribes to the work of death on the morrow. Even then they might have escaped if they had risen and marched out of the town, fleeing for their lives through the night, for the Fijians are thorough fatalists, and the disturbance of the order of a plot is accepted by them as a token that the gods are disapproving of it. But Mr. Baker called his people to prayer, and then lay down to sleep.

THE SLAUGHTER.

On the following morning the chief came to the house with a battle-axe on his shoulder, and called the mission party out. They must go on, he said, and he would show them the way. They went through the town in single file, the chief leading, Mr. Baker next. The last man was a native student, Isaiah by name, who carried on his shoulder a small iron box, and Mr. Baker turning to see what was the matter, was cut down by a murderous stroke of the chief's battle-axe. He fell upon his knees and received another blow. Thereupon a hideous uproar arose. Setareke, the native minister, a fine, powerful man in the prime of life, forced his way through the crowd that had closed round his murdered leader, threw himself upon his body, kissed his bloodstained face, and died with him. Two only of the men who followed them escaped, one being Isaiah, the man who was first attacked.

Mr. Worrall gave this pitiful narrative in a manner that moved his audience to tears. He had visited all the places, and had carefully gathered the facts from men who were eye-witnesses, and some of them active agents in the cruel deed. He showed by lantern slides the likenesses of Mr. Baker and Setareke, the very spot where they fell, the dead bodies piled in a dreadful heap, the precipice down which they were thrown on their way to Tavua, where they were piled up once more. In this place a strange thing happened. While the bodies were lying on the ground a woman of some rank burst into tears as she looked upon the face of the dead missionary. "This is not a man you have killed; he is a god,' she said, and she went to her house, brought out a bottle of oil, and anointed him for burial. The inhuman wretches answered with a brutal jest. That was a pathetic incident, but more pathetic still was Mr. Worrall's description, illustrated by a lantern slide, of the widows of the slain gathering at the mission house, and weeping together with Mrs. Baker and her fatherless children.

A SEQUEL AND A CONTRAST.

Then as a sequel and a contrast Mr. Worrall told his hearers of his visit to that district in the after years, of his administering the Lord's Supper to 400 worshippers, among whom were many of the actors in that awful tragedy, and of the school-examination there, when over 2,000 people were present watching the children's perfomance with great delight; and when at the close of it the little ones struck up 'God save the Queen,' the chiefs took off their turbans, and all that great assembly rose to their feet to do her honor, for Britain's peace has come upon the land, and with it there has come the peace of God.—Exchange.

'Yes' or 'No.'

A beautiful young girl, after much persuading, gave her heart to Christ.

She found that she had a great many habits to stop and many crosses to bear.

Her parents were worldly people, and though much displeased in the step that their only child had taken, decided to let her have her own way in the matter.

With a great struggle she gave up dancing and other worldly pursuits, but the greatest struggle was to tell her friends; for she knew they would laugh at her, and scorn the idea.

After much prayer she succeeded in doing this, and, of course, ceased to receive invitations to balls and dances that she had before frequented.

But she made an important discovery—that these worldly friends had not cared for her, but the pleasure they found in attending the balls, etc., that she gave.

Her giving up these pleasures hurt her parents more than it did her, for she had Christ while they had not.

Among her many friends was a young banker, Ralph Belford by name, who thought that Grace's decision was but a whim, and hoped she would soon forget it, for he had learned to love this beautiful girl.

But as time went by, Grace grew more earnest and resolute.

When Ralph Belford asked for her heart and hand, he was startled by the firm answer, 'Ralph, if you were a Christian, I would say yes; but as it is, I can't—really I cannot.'

She had prayed over this, and had decided, or Christ had decided for her, which was the right answer.

'Can't!' said he, with a sneer on his handsome face. 'Can't! Why don't you say won't! I will tell you now, your religion has wrecked one man, for I go, where and when I do not know and do not care.'

With these bitter words, he turned to leave her, but looking back, said, 'Won't you alter your decision, Grace?'

With a fervent prayer to Christ for help, she answered, while her eyes swam with tears, 'Oh, Ralph! don't be so unjust. I say once more, I can't. Don't tempt me again. Oh, if you would only accept Christ, we might be so happy!'

'Happy! there is no more happiness for me; besides, I don't want a God that makes a person as hard-hearted and cruel as it has made you,' and he left her.

Dropping her beautiful head upon the table she sank into a reverie. How long she stayed here she never knew; but she was not alone, for He who is always watching over the lambs of His fold was with her, and comforted and sustained her through the trouble which she could not have borne without Him.

She knew she had done right, and left Ralph and the future to God.

But she did not sit down and idly wait for results, but did all in her power to win souls for Christ; and before many months went by she had the pleasure of seeing both her parents accept Christ.

One cold wintry evening she was alone in the parlor, at the piano, singing, 'Are you saved to-night?'

'Yes, I am, and have come home to claim you,' said a voice behind her. Looking around, she saw Ralph, who, indeed, had come home a Christian.

If you had been in her place, what answer would you have given—'Yes' or 'No?'—'Christian Standard.'

[For the 'Northern Messenger.'

Tempest-Tossed.

Helpless, and tossed 'mid boisterous waves
Of agonizing doubt and fear,
Past cruel rocks and treacherous shoals,
I strive in vain my barque to steer.

In darkening skies thick clouds hang low,
The heavens are rent with lightnings fierce;
Deep thunders roll from cloud to cloud,
The deepening gloom I cannot pierce.

O Sun of righteousnese, arise
With healing in Thy wings, and shine
Through lowering clouds; and deepest gloom
Make radiant with Thy light divine!

O Master, who dost hold the sea
As in the hollow of Thy hand,
Bid this wild tumult cease, and all
Will peaceful be at Thy command.

O Pilot, who alone canst mark
O'er trackless wastes a course secure,
Take Thou the helm and make that port
Where perfect peace and calm endure.

ANNIE RICHARDSON.

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN PROVERBS.

Nov. 17, Sun.—The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.

Nov. 18, Mon.—The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it.

Nov. 19, Tues.—The hope of the righteous shall be gladness.

Nov. 20, Wed.—A false balance is abomination to the Lord.

Nov. 21, Thur.—Riches profit not in the day of wrath.

Nov. 22, Fri.—He that uttereth a slander is a fool.

Nov. 23, Sat.—To him that soweth righteousness shall be a sure reward.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Aunt Katherine's Choice

(By Hope Daring, in 'Ladies' World.')

The Daileys were seated at their mid-day dinner. The tiny dining-room was cool and quiet, the September sunlight filtering through the close-clinging tendrils and leaves of the thrifty English ivy which covered both windows with a luxuriant growth. Dinner of Hamburg steak, mashed potatoes and escalloped tomatoes, had been finished, and the simple rice pudding and cookies which formed the dessert were on the table, when a neighbor's boy unceremoniously pushed open the screen door and tossed in a letter.

'Got your mail, Mis' Dailey,' he called out as he ran off.

Mrs. Dailey, a little faded blonde, turned and picked up the envelope. 'It's from Katherine, girls,' she cried, her voice not quite steady.

Beatrice, the eldest daughter, held out her hand. 'I will read it, Mamma,' she said, speaking in a commanding although well-bred voice.

Mrs. Dailey handed her the letter. To be sure, it was addressed to herself, but Beatrice attended to the affairs of the entire household.

She pushed back her unfinished pudding with the air of one making a martyr of herself for the good of the family, and opened the envelope.

Beatrice was twenty-three. Tall and erect, she resembled her mother, only her eyes and hair were darker, and she had the air of one born to command. Bernice, three years Beatrice's junior, was the beauty of the family. She was small and dark with a sparkling face and long-lashed, Spanish-like eyes. Gladys was eighteen and looked like her mother. She was musical and ambitious, their limited means alone preventing the thorough cultivation of her gift.

The letter was from Mrs. Dailey's sister and only near relative, Mrs. Katherine Dillion, who had been for years abroad with an invalid husband. Mr. Dillion had died several months before, and the return of the sister and aunt had been eagerly looked forward to by the Daileys.

'Why don't you read it aloud?' Bernice asked petulantly as Beatrice turned another leaf of the letter.

'Oh, I always knew life held something for me besides existence here in Hamlin,' the elder sister exclaimed, her face aglow with excitement. 'Listen to Aunt Katherine's letter:

Dear Sister:—I will arrive in Hamlin on or about the tenth and will probably remain a month. I long to look again in your face, Margaret, for it is twelve years since we met. Now that I am alone in the world my heart turns to you and your daughters. I almost envy you, sister. I would gladly give my wealth for your girls. I am going to borrow one of your treasures for the winter at least. Which one we will decide after I have had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with them. I shall spend the winter in either Florida or Southern California, and am sure I can make the season a delightful one for a girl. Good-bye, dearest sister. I shall have much to tell you when we meet. Love to all. Your affectionate sister, KATHERINE DILLION.

'Of course she'll take me,' Bernice cried, a crimson flush staining her olive cheek. 'Just think of dozens of new dresses and a winter in a fashionable Southern resort!'

Gladys sat bolt upright and opened her pale-blue eyes to their greatest extent. 'I don't see why you should be so sure. Aunt Katherine loves music, and when she knows how eager I am to study under better masters——'

'Don't dispute, girls; it's vulgar,' Beatrice said. 'Mamma, a cup of fresh tea, please. You all seem to forget that I am the eldest and strongly resemble Aunt Katherine.'

Mrs. Dailey sighed as she hurried out to the kitchen after hot water for Beatrice's tea. No one remembered her own deep joy at the coming of Katherine.

'But I am selfish to think about myself,' she concluded when dinner was over and she began clearing the table. 'Katherine will

YOU LOYAL LITTLE MOTHER! HOW MUCH CONFIDENCE HAVE YOU IN ME, MARGARET?

be as proud of my daughters as I am. No, girls, I don't need any help. I can do the dishes.'

So Beatrice and Bernice sat down to talk over the coming of their aunt, while Gladys went to her room to practice the violin solo that had been so much praised.

The next few days were busy ones. As the exact date of Mrs. Dillion's arrival was uncertain, the Daileys resolved to be ready at the earliest possible time when she could be looked for.

She arrived at nine in the morning and walked up from the depot. Katherine Dillion was a woman of forty. Her form was slender and gracefully poised. Her face was much like that of Beatrice, but the years had brought to it lines of thought as well as to her blue-gray eyes a serene light. The brown hair, which was smoothly parted above her low brow, was thickly strewn with silver threads.

With a firm, easy step she came up the walk and on to the little vine-covered porch. The sitting-room door was ajar. The two occupants of the room turned their heads when they heard a step.

Beatrice was attired in a neat blue serge skirt and a cream shirt waist. A trim sailor hat, chamois gloves, and a sun umbrella completed her outfit, for she was ready for a walk. Bernice was dainty and sweet in a pink cambric wrapper. She was leisurely rocking back and forth in a willow rocker. From the room above came the low, pure tones of a violin.

'Aunt Katherine,' both girls exclaimed, hurrying forward.

Mrs. Dillion greeted her nieces affectionately. Gladys heard the hum of voices and came running down, her bow still in her hand.

When the aunt could make herself heard, she said softly: 'You forget, my dears, that I want your mother.'

Mrs. Dailey was busy in the kitchen. She had just taken from the oven a delicious cocoanut pie, and after placing it to cool, advanced into the dining-room. Through the open door, Katherine caught a glimpse of her. Springing forward, she caught her in a close embrace.

There was a moment's silence. Then Mrs. Dillion held her sister at arm's length and carefully studied her face. Mrs. Dailey was worn and wan, she wore a faded but clean print dress; her sleeves were rolled up above her elbows, and specks of flour clung to her toil-hardened hands.

Katherine Dillion's keen eyes noted the warm kitchen. Then she glanced at the three girls. 'What have you been doing with your mother, girlies? It is not only that she

is warm and tired, but what has brought this old look? You are only forty-five, Margaret, and should be a comparatively young woman.'

Before anyone could speak, Mrs. Dillion bent her stately head over her sister and went on in a caressing voice: 'You poor little thing! The girls and I will take care of you. Oh, Margaret, you and yours are all I have in the world.'

Tears dimmed her eyes for a moment. Then they came back to the commonplace. Beatrice opened the double doors into the parlor, and Bernice wheeled forward the most comfortable chair for the honored guest.

Aunt Katherine was interested in all they said or did. Time passed quickly until the hour arrived to commence dinner. Mrs. Dailey rose with a polite word of excuse.

'Gladys, dear, get your violin and play for your aunt. I remember, Katherine, how well you loved music.'

Gladys obeyed. Mrs. Dillion sat listening dreamily to the sweet strains evoked by the girl's skilful fingers. Notwithstanding her apparent absorption, nothing was unobserved by her. She saw Gladys's real love for her music and the dainty poise of her slender figure. Through the open door of the dining-room she observed the pretty picture made by Bernice as she sat paring the great yellow peaches for dinner, as well as Beatrice's effective arrangement of the table. This was not all. She understood that in the kitchen a slender woman was cleaning vegetables, frying chicken, and making the fragrant coffee, whose aroma reached her.

They grew very merry over the dinner table. Beatrice was a brilliant conversationalist, and her merry sallies of wit proved irresistible. Mrs. Dailey took little part in the conversation, but her gentle face showed how thorough was her enjoyment.

That afternoon Mrs. Dillion's trunks arrived, and she was installed in the convenient guest chamber. She bestowed several gifts upon her nieces—laces, handkerchiefs, books and fans. To her sister she gave a beautiful set of china and a heavy black silk.

'I am going to see that the silk is made up at once, Margaret,' Mrs. Dillion said, gently stroking her sister's hand. 'And you are to have the sweetest violet-trimmed bonnet to wear with it. Beatrice, who does your mother's dressmaking?'

Beatrice flushed a little. Was her aunt contrasting her mother's rusty black lawn with their neat afternoon dresses? Well, it was not necessary to state that it had been several years since the mother had had a new dress.

'Mrs. Davis does our sewing,' she said demurely. 'At least what we do not do ourselves. We often make over our own dresses.'

The days went by. Mrs. Dillion's comfort and pleasure were so deftly ministered to that she could not be grateful enough to the bright-faced girls whom she was learning to love. The only drawback to her enjoyment was her disappointment regarding her sister.

What was wrong? Katherine did not doubt her sister's love. But the hours of companionship she had looked forward to were few and unsatisfactory. Mrs. Dailey spent the greater part of her time in the kitchen. When not there, she was silent, her daughters evidently not expecting her to take part in the conversation. She seldom went into society, read little, and was really 'behind the times.'

Mrs. Dillion gave the matter much thought. She saw that the girls were much surprised when she expected their mother to take her rightful place both at home and in the society of the little place. It was not easy to tell where the fault lay.

A month passed. September gave place to October, and the air grew crisp and invigorating.

'A week more,' Mrs. Dillion announced one morning at the breakfast table, 'a week more of pleasure. Then we must decide which of you is to go with me, and I must hie me away to Chicago to provide a suitable outfit for myself and my companion.'

It was the first time she had directly mentioned the matter. The color deepened in each girl's cheeks, but they made no reply. They had all grown very fond of their aunt, and a winter with her had many attractions.

Three days later Mrs. Dillion spent an afternoon alone with her sister. Beatrice had had a paper at the club to which she belonged, Bernice was at a committee meeting of the church aid society, and Katherine boldly sent Gladys downtown to match embroidery silks, so that she might have the girl's mother all to herself.

'Come out on the porch, Margaret,' the young sister said, 'and do leave that hemstitching on the table. Bernice can make her own finery. You are tired and need rest.'

The mother smiled faintly and obeyed. The warm air was heavy with autumnal fragrance. All along the quiet street the leaves were lying in drifts of amber, russet and gold, while the bare branches of the trees were outlined against a sky of dazzling blue.

Mrs. Dailey sat down in the rustic rocker and looked about her with an air of content. At last her eyes wandered back to her sister. Katherine was sitting on a huge blue denim cushion which lay on the top step. Her hands were folded in her lap, her head thrown back slightly and resting against the carved pillar of the porch.

'Katherine, how young you look!' Mrs. Dailey exclaimed. 'You are five years younger than I and look twenty. You have had the care of an invalid for years, too.'

Mrs. Dillion nodded her head sagely. 'Yes, dear; but Rufus never failed to give me tender consideration and thoughtful love. But I want to talk about things here. Have you any choice as to who goes South with me?'

The mother hesitated a moment. 'No, Katherine, I have not. I shall be glad to have any one of my darlings enjoy a winter with you. They are all dear girls, and I am proud of them. Beatrice is bright and such a clever talker. Bernice is pretty; she is so like her dear, dead father. As for Gladys, her whole heart is filled with a love for and a joy in her music.'

Katherine Dillion's eyes filled with sudden tears. 'You loyal little mother! How much confidence have you in me, Margaret?'

'All that one person can have in another,' was the prompt reply. 'I do not know of anything I would not trust you with or for.'

'Thank you,' and the soft hand, upon which a costly diamond flashed, closed gently over that of her sister. 'Will you promise to let me have my own way in this matter?'

'Yes,' Mrs. Dailey said, without a moment's hesitation. 'Yes, Katherine, you shall take the one you choose.'

The week that Mrs. Dillion had mentioned went by. They were again at the breakfast table when the Southern trip was referred to.

'I shall start on Thursday,' Katherine said. 'Now as to who is to go with me.'

She paused and reflectively stirred her coffee. 'Girls, I hope you will all be satisfied when I tell you I have decided to adopt your mother.'

No one spoke. The canary trilled gaily, a passing waggon rattled along the street, and Mrs. Dillion finished her graham gem with apparent relish. Then she went on.

'I mean it, girls. I don't know whose fault it is, but there is something wrong in your home. Instead of being your friend and confidante, instead of being petted and cared for, instead of enjoying the Indian Summer of her life, your mother is a kitchen drudge. More than this—she is fast approaching a broken-down and loveless old age. She may be as much to blame as any one. I am going to make one effort to bring sunshine into her life. I shall take her to Chicago and purchase her a supply of suitable and dainty clothing. Then I shall carry her to the South for the Winter. She shall rest, read, enjoy pretty things and bright people, and be loved and petted. In the Spring she shall come back to you—if you deserve her.'

'Oh, Katherine, don't!' cried the mother. 'I couldn't leave my girls alone, and, besides, I would rather they could have the pleasure.'

'Aunt Hester Main, my housekeeper, is to come and spend the Winter here,' was Katherine's cool reply. 'About your going, let the girls speak for themselves.'

Another pause. Then the latent nobleness of Margaret Dailey's daughters asserted itself.

Beatrice rose and went round to her aunt. 'We want her to go. Thank you, Aunt Katherine. You have taught us a lesson, and we needed it.'

Bernice added: 'We will try to deserve her when she comes back.'

Gladys caught her mother in her arms. 'Precious little mamma! We do love you, even if we have been so careless.'

Mrs. Dillion's programme was carried out. The lesson was, as Bernice had said, a needed one; but, like many such, the learning of it was not pleasant. A quiet Winter at home, sharing the duties that had been too long relegated to the mother, contrasted sharply with the pleasure each had confidently expected for herself. They missed and longed for the gentle presence they had so little prized.

The mother and aunt, happy in each other, yet anxious for the real welfare of the girls at home, knew that a womanly care for the happiness of others was being developed in the nature of Margaret Dailey's daughters.

The reform was a thorough one. In the Spring the mother went back to be the real mistress of her home and the loved mother of her proud daughters.

Little Kindnesses,

(By D. G. Bickers.)

You gave on the way a pleasant smile
  And thought no more about it;
It cheered a life that was sad the while
  That might have been wrecked without it;
And so for the smile and its fruitage fair
You'll reap a crown some time—somewhere.

You spoke one day a cheering word,
  And passed to other duties;
It warmed a heart, new promise stirred,
  And painted a life with beauties.
And so for the word and its silent prayer
You'll reap a palm some time—somewhere.

You lent a hand to a fallen one,
  A lift in kindness given;
It saved a soul when help was none,
  And won a heart for heaven;
And so for the help you proffered there
You'll reap a joy some time—somewhere.

An Authoress

(By Mabel Earle, in 'Wellspring.')

'Theresa,' said the little mother, 'I wish you would carry these pieces round to Mrs. Carter's. She asked me for them a week ago, and I haven't had time to take them.'

Theresa's smooth forehead puckered ungraciously, but she put on her hat again and gathered up her gloves. 'I am very busy this week, mother,' she said, with a tone of exemplary patience. 'I wish Johnnie would not forget that the errand-running of this family belongs to him.'

She gathered up the bundle of patchwork pieces, and went slowly down the steps. The air was sweet with opening lilacs and warm with sunshine, but Theresa did not see the lilacs. She was busy in a wonderful world of her own making, where things happened, glad or sorrowful, just as she choose.

'"You will not listen to me, then, Lady Gwendolen?" said Austin, his noble, manly face flushing darkly." No; that will not do. He must turn pale, to contrast with his hair —"his brow beneath the midnight waves above it turning white as the marble statue at his side." That's better. I wish I could hear somebody really making love to somebody just once, so as to be sure about things; but anyway, this sounds just like other novels. Oh, I can't wait till it's published! "Miss Theresa Mary Adams, the celebrated author!"'

She opened the gate of Mrs. Carter's queer little yard, full of pansies and sweet Williams and mignonette. 'Why will people keep such common flowers all the time?' she thought. 'When my book is published, I'll turn our front yard into a rose garden. But mother will have to save a corner for sweet peas.'

Mrs. Carter came to the door and opened the bundle, exclaiming joyfully over the bits of bright-colored silk and wool. 'My quilt's most done,' she informed Theresa; 'but these things is just what I'm wanting for the middle block.'

Theresa walked home rapidly, filled with lofty pity for Mrs. Carter's plebeian tastes, and with intense sympathy for Austin and Lady Gwendolen. She shut herself into her room and wrote till sunset, tossing aside page after page, and hurrying on without stopping to look up an occasional question in grammar or spelling. 'What are proof readers for?' she asked. 'I can't waste the freshness of my inspiration by fussing over details. There, it's done! I'm sorry I had to kill Austin, but there wasn't any other way for Gwendolen to marry the baronet.'

She mailed her manuscript the same evening, borrowing postage stamps from her mother, and spent the next few weeks in that feverish anxiety which all young contributors know. She wept the usual bitter tears when her story came home, as it did of course, from three publishers; but buoyed up by tales from the experience of many great authors, she gathered up her resolution and sent it out a fourth time: Her mother shook her head over the postage stamps, this time.

'I can't let you have any more, Theresa,' she said. 'I want you to have every encouragement in your writing, but really we are very poor, dear, and the expense is too heavy. Remember, this is the last I can let you have.'

Theresa slipped into the package a personal letter to the editor, this time. A pitiful little letter, such as editors are receiving and tearing up every day. This particular editor, however, had a great heart as well as a great intellect, and he happened to be more at leisure than usual on the morning when he opened Theresa's story. He sighed over the letter, with its sad little tale of bereavement and poverty, frowned over the sentence which told him that 'another disappointment would wreck the hopes of a lifetime, while encouragement at this time would be invaluable;' and glancing at his watch, he devoted the whole of one precious hour to considering the possibilities of Lady Gwendolen's Marriage. At the end of that hour he dictated a little letter to Theresa, and returned Lady Gwendolen to her originator.

Theresa cried over his letter. It came on washing day, when her mother was very tired, and the kitchen was especially uncomfortable. The paragraph which the editor had meant to be most consoling sent gall and bitterness to her inmost heart.

'You can never succeed at this sort of writing,' the great man said. 'Put it out of your head once for all. But I notice one or two passages, in your descriptions of Gwendolen's little sister, which suggest that with much time and patience you might find some profit in writing juvenile prose fiction.'

Juvenile prose fiction! Theresa ground her teeth over the words. She, the celebrated Miss Theresa Mary Adams, to waste her precious gift on the unappreciative minds of boys and girls! She turned to her mother, suddenly.

'Mother, Mrs. Hallam asked me this morning if I would spend a few hours each day at her house as "mother's help," to look after the children. I said "No," but I've made up my mind to try it. It will not bring us very much, but at least you can get some one else to do this drudgery.'

'Oh, Theresa, if you are willing to do it!' said the little mother, letting fall the heavy sheet she was washing, with a gasp of relief. 'But I'm afraid it will interfere with your writing.'

'I've given up writing,' said Theresa, grimly.

She worked patiently for Mrs. Hallam, plunged into depths of misery sometimes over the thought of wasting her young years in menial labor, and again tasting the sweets of independence and helpfulness when she laid her earnings in the little mother's lap. Months went by and brought their healing to her sorely wounded ambition. One day as she watched the Hallam children at play, a novel idea flashed into her head, making her laugh at first, and then subside into the old-fashioned tears. Nevertheless, she sat up two hours later that night, scribbling on scraps of wrapping paper, and consulting a dictionary quite frequently; for certain candid words in her editor's letter were bearing fruit. The next morning she rose earlier than usual, copying from the scraps of paper very carefully; and that day she slipped, not a bulky package, but a good-sized envelope, into the post box, as she went to Mrs. Hallam's.

There were not so many days to wait this time. One radiant day, forever marked with a red letter in Theresa's calendar, the postman brought to her door a small envelope bearing the name of the house to which she had sent her large envelope; and from its recesses fell a little strip of blue paper, whereon, with dazzled eyes, she read her own name, and the order to pay to her a sum—how little, but how infinitely precious! She laid the cheque in her mother's hand, and wept again, but this time with tears of joy.

That was the beginning of Theresa's work in the once despised field of 'juvenile prose fiction.' She did not give up her work with Mrs. Hallam; the children supplied her with entirely too valuable material, and she had learned not to put her main dependence on the work she loved so dearly. But her natural gifts of imagination and expression, carefully trained by hard work with the dictionary and an old brown rhetoric, began to bring her more and more the occupation and the income she had always wished for. After a while she brought out from its retreat a well-preserved kodak which she had thrown aside in the days of her depression; and dainty little photographs of the Hallam children in all sorts of appropriate garbs and poses began to accompany her sketches and stories.

Miss Theresa Mary Adams will probably never be a celebrated author. She does not even publish her name with some of her most successful work; but looking back now on the days of her sharpest disappointment, she remembers most gratefully the kind candor which humbled her ambition, only to direct it into the paths of success.

The Effect of Imagination.

One's physical health depends much upon the way he thinks. If any one doubts it let him ponder the following story, taken from 'A Journalist's Notebook,' by Frank F. Moore:—

A young man in the Indian civil service, suffering from excessive heat and overwork, consulted a physician. The physician after making an examination said, gravely, 'I will write you to-morrow.'

The next day the young man received a letter telling him that his left lung was gone and his heart seriously affected, and advising him to lose no time in adjusting his business affairs. 'Of course you may live for weeks,' the letter said, 'but you would best not leave important matters undecided.'

Naturally the young official was dismayed by so dark a prognosis—nothing less than a death warrant. Within twenty-four hours he was having difficulty with his respiration, and was seized with an acute pain in the region of the heart. He took to his bed with the feeling that he should never arise from it. During the night he became so much worse that his servant sent for the doctor.

'What on earth have you been doing to yourself?' demanded the doctor. 'There were no indications of this sort when I saw you yesterday.'

'It is my heart, I suppose,' weakly answered the patient.

'Your heart!' repeated the doctor. 'Your heart was all right yesterday.'

'My lungs, then.'

'What is the matter with you, man? You don't seem to have been drinking.'

'Your letter!' gasped the patient. 'You said I had only a few weeks to live.'

'Are you crazy?' asked the doctor. 'I wrote you to take a few weeks' vacation in the hills, and you would be all right.'

For reply the patient drew the letter from under the bedclothes and gave it to the doctor.

'What!' cried that gentleman, as he glanced at it. 'This was meant for another man. My assistant misplaced the letters.'

The young man at once sat up in bed and made a rapid recovery.

What, then, of the patient for whom the direful prognosis was intended? Delighted with the report that a sojourn in the hills would set him right, he started at once, and five years later was alive and in fair health.

In 1898 there were 177,000 drink shops in Belgium or one for every thirty-five inhabitants. These figures do not include hotels, restaurants or small groceries.

The Deaf Waiter.

('Friendly Greetings.')

Harris had all the quiet push of a man desperately in earnest to get on, and it was remarkable how he managed to do this in spite of his deafness. This was a great drawback, particularly for a hotel waiter; and though his singularly quick eye in some degree made up for it, it could not quite do so.

'Back again already, Harris!' said the Deputy, kindly, as the young man came down into the lodging-house kitchen, one day, and offered his fourpence for a night's lodging.

Harris answered by a pathetic smile which had something sweetly patient in it. He did not suffer from the irritability which is part of the infirmity of many deaf people.

How often such are tempted to think that people mumble, rather than that they have a difficulty in hearing what people say! After all, the world is not always as considerate to them as it might be!

Harris was an earnest, hardworking young fellow, and a good waiter. But he was never able to keep his situations long. When a hotelkeeper was engaging him, he never mentioned his deafness, and his quick eye and handy ways often prevented its being discovered for some weeks.

At last, perhaps, it would happen that some gentleman would call for his boots when Harris's back was turned to him. No attention, therefore, was paid to the call, and an angry complaint would be made to the hotelkeeper. Harris would again lose his place, and be obliged to return to the lodging-house, conducted on Christian principles, which was more of a home to him than any other place.

Poor fellow! with his peculiar difficulty to contend with, he did indeed need a heavenly father's providing love and care. Often he felt this, though as yet he had not grasped the fact quite firmly. The weapon used by the devil to keep him back from rest and peace, was the dark thought that a loving father must be a hard God to afflict an industrious, honest young fellow with this trying deafness.

HIS QUICK EYE AND HANDY WAYS PREVENTED HIS DEAFNESS BEING DISCOVERED.

And yet, something told him, in the depths of his heart, that God was not hard.

When Harris happened to remain in the lodging-house over Sunday he generally attended the four o'clock Bible-class held in the kitchen. If he sat quite close to the speaker, and watched his face, he could hear fairly well.

And one Sunday afternoon he heard the promise dwelt upon—for promise it certainly is, quite as much as the words which promise peace in the same verse, 'In the world ye shall have tribulation.'

'The Lord generally lays upon his people some trial,' said the speaker, 'in order to strengthen their grasp upon himself in spite of it, and to make it the more necessary that they should trust him. The devil often takes hold of this trial, sent to be a help, and tries to turn it into a hindrance; tries that it should keep the weary soul back from trust, instead of causing it to hold on to God more firmly.'

Harris's eyes heard if his ears did not, and he became satisfied. His deafness, and all the trials it brought to him, were meant to bring blessing and help. He was being 'tried' to see whether he would cling to a father's love the more closely.

And now the young waiter knew that the heaviest part of his trial had passed away, and that his deafness had become a special link of blessing between his God and himself. The hindrance was gone!

Shortly after this, Harris discovered that it was really the better way, when applying for a situation, frankly to mention his deafness, and to offer to take rather lower wages on account of it. After a time he was taken upon the staff in a temperance hotel, where he became so accustomed to the work and to many of the visitors that his deafness was rarely noticed.

Songs of the Night.

Moan—moan—moan!
Ye winds of the darksome night,
Under a moonless, starless sky,
Draped in cloud of the blackest dye,
Bewailing the sweet and bright,
Lying dead in the autumn blight!
In this hour of gloom with the weird winds sighing,
The world seems a field of the dead and dying:
The youthful fade and the aged groan;
And the wretched perish—alone, alone!
The sinner writhes with his face aghast
At a coming doom, at a guilty past!
With none to tell the departing soul,
Of the blood of Christ that could make it whole.

Sing—sing—sing!
Ye waves of the western main,
Under the stars and the full-orbed moon,
Skies as blue as the cope of June,
Chanting soft in the minor strain,
Your plaintive wail with a glad refrain.
But the grandest music in earth or heaven
Is the song in the heart of the sin forgiven—
From an ocean of love where no wild winds break,
And no gallant ship leaves a foaming wake;
From an ocean of peace where no storm-clouds rest
To shadow the sheen on its glassy breast;
'Tis the victor's shout in the Jordan's flood:
The crowning hymn to the Son of God.

—J. K., in 'The Christian.'

From Receipt of Subscription
To January 1st, 1903.

'Daily Witness'	$3.00
'Weekly Witness'	1.00
'World Wide'	.75
'Northern Messenger'	.30

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers.
Montreal.

Judging From Appearance.

(By Ella Thomas, in 'The Wellspring.')

Helen Cone drew on her gray kid gloves as she slowly walked down the long and shaded walk that led from Lakeside Seminary to the street.

It was the beginning of a school year at Lakeside, and Helen was one of the new pupils who had arrived that week. This was also her first departure from home; and what with her dresses an inch longer than they had ever been before, a new trunk containing more new dresses than she had ever possessed at one time, and her name entered on the seminary roll, she was inclined to view herself as a young person of decided importance.

If Helen was affected by her own externals, she was apt to be influenced in no small degree by the externals of others as well. Her opinion of her new room-mate rose several dgrees when she found that Laura had four new hats, and had brought three silk couch pillows and a mandolin to add to what she called 'the air' of their room. And among the nearly two hundred inmates of Lakeside, not a quarter of whom she yet knew by name or face, her eye was all the time taking note of those most stylish or striking in dress and manner as the ones she would especially like for friends.

Mrs. Cone, Helen's mother, had seen this trait in her young daughter, and had more than once tried to correct it. But Helen was just at the age when she was very sure of the correctness of her own conclusions; and, disregarding what her mother had said on this subject, her great desire at present was to include the richest and best dressed girls in the seminary on her list of friends.

Her room-mate could not accompany Helen on her errand that afternoon into the town, and of the few she yet had become acquainted with in the three days she had been at Lakeside, none were at liberty, so she was taking her walk alone.

Chancing to glance back when partly down the walk, she saw some one else coming down the steps, and as she also saw that it was a young woman most plainly dressed, she did not loiter to be overtaken, as she might otherwise have done.

She had, however, hardly reached the street when quick steps sounded behind her, and a pleasant voice was speaking at her side. 'One of our new Lakeside girls, is it not? I think I saw your face in chapel this morning. As we seem to be both going the same way, it will be pleasant to go in company.'

Viewed more closely, Helen saw that her companion was plain of feature and manner, and more than that, that her hat was of last year's fashion, and her dress, under her well-worn cape, had a hang which she at once set down as home-made. Some poor girl, very possibly working her way through, she decided; certainly no one whom she, Helen Cone, would care to know. In consequence, her tone of brief and chilly civility was in marked contrast to the friendliness of the other, as, without seeming to notice this, she chatted of the various attractions of Lakeside, with the hope that Helen would enjoy them all.

'Did you have a pleasant walk?' asked Helen's room-mate, on her return, 'I was sorry you had to go alone.'

'It would have been pleasanter if I had gone alone,' answered Helen, as she looked in the glass, and decided that her white veil gave quite an effect to her hat. 'An oldish girl overtook me, and stuck to me, till I made an errand into a store to get away from her.'

'You didn't know who she was, then?'

'No, I didn't ask her name. She was a great, homely, awkward creature, and dowdy as she could be, into the bargain. I was so afraid some of the girls would see us together and think we were chums that I came back another way. But what are you laughing at?' For Laura had thrown herself back on the lounge and was laughing till the room fairly rang with the peals.

'Oh, Helen Cone!' exclaimed Laura, as soon as she could speak. 'It is too funny! I saw her going down the walk just behind you. Why, that was Avis Reed, the head of the senior class, the finest scholar and the most popular girl in the whole seminary.'

'It can't be possible,' protested Helen. 'This girl I mean was almost shabbily dressed.'

'Avis doesn't care much for dress, but she is a charming girl, and her family is one of the first in her town. And to think,' continued Laura, 'last year, when she was a junior, we sophomores used to feel honored with her notice, but now she is a senior, a freshman cuts her,' and Laura laughed again, till the tears ran down her cheeks.

But Helen did not join the laugh. A flush of shame and mortification reddened her face. Such a dreadful blunder! how could she have made it, and would it ever be possible to undo it? And with these inward questions there came to her mind what her mother had more than once repeated to her. 'To judge any one by personal appearance stamps you as not only ignorant, but vulgar.'

'Oh, dear!' she groaned, 'I have shown myself both, to-day, but never, never will I do so again!'

In His Name.

(By Cora J. Tapscott, in 'Onward.')

'Daisy, will you take the children down to the beach?'

The white-robed figure moved pettishly in the hammock.

'Oh, mother, it's so hot down there, and it's so cool here. I don't want to.'

The mother, not wishing to mar the pleasure of her daughter's holidays, reluctantly allowed the children to go alone. But Daisy was restless, and as she tossed in the hammock the Maltese cross on her chain struck her hand. She picked it up and looked at it. It was a beautiful cross, and she prized it highly. She followed the delicate tracings of the 'I. H. N.,' but to-day it seemed to reproach her. Again and again it seemed to repeat the motto of the King's Daughters, 'Whosoever giveth a cup of cold water in My name shall not lose his reward.' Suddenly she sprang to her feet, and, seizing her sunshade, called to her mother, 'I'm going, mother,' and followed the twins.

It was intensely hot, and her eyes and head ached when she reached the glistening sand of the beach. The children gave a cry of joy when they saw her, and with their wet feet and turned-up pantaloons came running towards her.

'O, Dadie,' they cried. 'It's lovely. Do come in, too.'

With a merry laugh she shook her head, and sheltering herself under her umbrella, was soon buried in her book. At last, wearied of paddling, the boys found some boards, and having formed a raft, pushed themselves along the shore by means of a pole. Occasionally Daisy raised her head, but did not notice that little by little the raft was drifting away. Suddenly a shout of laughter roused her, They had dropped their poles now and were splashing each other with water.

'Harold,' she called, 'you're getting too far out. Bring your raft back.'

Harold was the largest and strongest of the twins. He seized the pole, and tried to drive it into the ground, but it was deeper than he expected, and he tumbled overboard. At once Roland began to scream, and, unable to guide his raft, it drifted slowly toward the open lake.

In an instant Daisy was in the water. She could not swim, and her only hope was that she was not beyond her depth. She tried to run, but her wet clothes held her back. Oh, God, must she see him drown! Would she never reach the spot! Then for one moment, the white face of the child appeared above the waves, but immediately sank again. If she could only reach him when he rose again! There, just a few steps further, rings of water were forming. Then the golden curls were seen, Just one more effort, and she held him firmly by his little blouse.

But where is Roland? By this time far beyond even her depth, clinging to his little raft, and screaming with terror. But already the alarm has been given. A boat is launched, and soon he, too, is safe on shore.

That night as Daisy rested her tired cheek against her gold cross, now doubly precious, she thanked God that he had used so tiny a thing to persuade her to an act of self-denial, without which their home would have been desolate indeed.

A Taste of Good Things.

Those who, after reading the contents of 'World Wide,' would like to get the paper on trial for three or four weeks, need only send us their names and addresses by post card, upon receipt of which the paper will be sent free of charge to any post office address the world over.

There would be no objection, if at the same time the addresses of half a dozen other thinking people were added to the list.

'World Wide.'

A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue Nov. 2, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Travelling Companions—C. Edwardes, in 'The Speaker,' London.
Parents—By Andrew Lang, in London 'Morning Post.'
Early Closing—Report of Select Committee.
Mr. Dooley on Athletics—'Westminster Budget.'
Mr. Gibson Bowles on Anglo-Spanish Relations—'Nuestro Tiempo.'
Kitchener—A Humorist—André Beaunier, in 'Journal des Débats,' Paris.
The Situation in South Africa—'The Spectator,' London.
A Visit to St. Helena—London 'Times.'
Differences of Opinion on the War—Manchester 'Guardian.'
Italy of the Pacific—'The Pilot,' London.
The Episcopal General Convention—New York 'Tribune.'
Remarkable Letter of the University of Glasgow to Pope Leo XIII.—'The Union,' Ottawa.
Battle Abbey—'Daily News,' London.
Humor in the Police Court—'Daily Telegraph,' London.
On the Making of Leaders—'Punch.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

The Spectacular Element in Drama—Condensed from the Edinburgh 'Review.'
High Price for a 'Strad.'
Beethoven Manuscripts—'Daily Telegraph,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Noddin' by de Fire—Poem, by Paul Laurence Dunbar, in 'The Century.'
Harvest—Poem, by Joseph Truman, in 'The Spectator,' London.
Reviews of Mr. Kipling's 'Kim'—Abbreviated from 'The Academy,' 'Literature,' 'The Spectator,' 'The Speaker,' 'Daily Telegraph,' 'Daily News,' 'Daily Chronicle,' 'Manchester Guardian,' 'The Standard' and 'Daily Mail.'
John Wesley as a Doctor—By I. N. Danforth, M.A., M.D., in Northwestern Advocate.'
The Small Writer—'The Academy,' London.
Some Short Stories by 'Q'—'Daily News,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Some Oddities of Bird Behavior in the West Indies—By T. H Bindley, in 'The Pilot,' London.
Experiment in Tuberculosis.
What the 'Lancet' says.

'WORLD WIDE.'
75c to January 1st, 1903.
Only 10 Cents.
TO JANUARY 1st, 1902.
A Club of SIX SUBSCRIBERS can have the paper to the end of the year for 50 cents.
Address,
JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
'WITNESS' BUILDING,
Montreal, Canada.

LITTLE FOLKS

The Willow and the Oak.

(Miss Frances J. Delano, in 'N.Y. Observer.')

'I wish I could see over the top of that grass,' said a small Willow. 'It's dreadfully poky down here close to the ground.'

'Why be in such a hurry?' replied a tiny Oak, just sprouting out of an acorn, 'I think it is nice right here. How soft and warm the air is, and one can see the blue sky from here as well as from any place. We can hear the birds sing, too.'

'Yes, I know it,' answered the Willow, 'but I want to see what's over beyond the grass. I hate to be so slow growing.

The Oak made no reply to this. To be alive on a day like this. To hear the bobolinks singing and feel the whisper of life through the grasses. To know that the same warmth and color and joyous life that were in everything was in it too, this was enough for the Oak. It couldn't understand the complainings of the Willow.

All summer the small Willow kept reaching up and stretching its neck in the hope to see over the grasses. And all summer the Oak spread its two or three leaves out, breathing the blessed sunshine, and sending its roots deeper and deeper into the soil with a delicious feeling that this spot was its home.

The next spring the Willow awoke long before the Oak, and it was wondering what could be on the other side of the wall when the sunshine touched the heart of the Oak, and it began to thrill with exquisite life.

'How slow you are,' remarked the Willow, 'Here I am all aglow with color and you nothing but a dry stick.'

But the Oak was really too happy to reply. It was alive and the spring and summer were its own.

'Oh, I want to see through that place in the wall so that I can hardly wait,' exclaimed the Willow. 'What do you suppose is on the other side.'

'I don't know,' murmured the Oak, 'but I know what's over my head, and in the air, and all through the sweet new grass. It's life,' said the Oak with a thrill.

'How much taller am I than you?' asked the Willow irrelevantly.

'Ever and ever so much,' replied the Oak, and you are very pretty and graceful.'

'It pays to make a business of growing, you see,' said the Willow, looking down upon the oak with pity, and not a little scorn.

'Well, it takes all sorts of trees to make a world, and surely no tree could be happier than I am.'

'I dare say you are happy,' retorted the Willow, 'but certainly you're nothing to look at.'

The Willow, however, had to change its mind after awhile, for the Oak put out two such wonderful leaves that for three whole days the Willow could do nothing but gaze at them.

'Who would have thought that such a stick as you could possibly make such soft velvety leaves, and so glowing red with life.'

The Oak smiled.

'Still,' continued the Willow, 'I shouldn't think you'd want to spend so much time making your leaves so beautiful and you way down close to the ground. Why don't you grow up?'

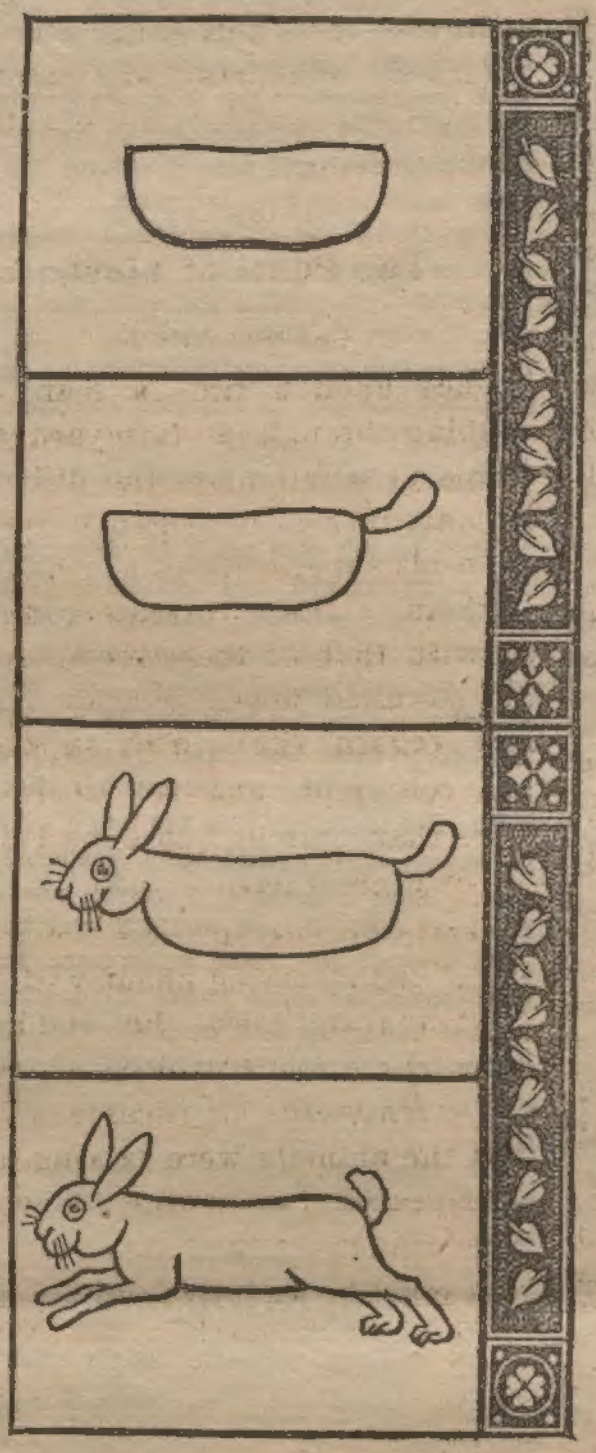
'I'm not spending time, I'm living,' replied the Oak, 'and it's life that makes my leaves so red and soft. Don't you understand?'

But the Willow was stretching its neck to see through the wall and it didn't hear.

The summer went and came again. The Willow tossed her graceful head and glanced over the wall, and no sooner could it see what was beyond the wall than it longed to look over a rise in the ground some little distance away, and when at last it was tall enough to peep over that, it was anxious to look down upon a huge rock that towered above its head.

Meanwhile the Oak seemed like little more than a good-sized stick, but its roots had found the hidden springs deep in the earth, and its

HOW TO DRAW A HARE



You look at this,
And it will seem
To be a dish
For milk or cream.

A handle now
Add, if you wish
To change into
A pan, the dish.

Place head and ears
Upon the pan,
Guess what it is—
Do, *if* you can.

To this, of legs
Now add two pair,
And it becomes
A running hare!

tiny branches thrilled with life to their tips.

So the years went on, and at length there came a time when the Willow ceased to care about the neighboring country. There was nothing new to see either over the hills or beyond the fields. It could see over the top of the great rock now, but it never glanced that way. Some of its branches had been broken off by the winds. It still put out leaves, but there was no pleasure in it. In short, the Willow had grown old.

'There's going to be a storm,' groaned the Willow. 'That red sky looks angry, and listen! the trees are still as death.'

The Oak glanced at the sky. 'Yes, there is going to be a storm, a glorious storm,' replied the Oak, with an exultant ring in his voice.

'You won't think it so grand when one of your branches is torn from you,' replied the Willow.

The Oak laughed, 'I may lose a twig or two, but the damage will be easily repaired.'

Presently the world became very dark. A rustle of excitement was heard through the trees then all was quiet again. In a moment more the whole world was in commotion. The slender birches bowed to the earth. The branches of the pine tree lay like wet rags before the storm. The poor Willow was snapped off a few feet from the ground and dashed across the fields as if 'twere a tiny bush.

The Oak alone stood upright and faced the storm. Not a shiver stirred its mighty trunk and it moved its giant branches in splendid harmony with the winds.

Never was such a storm known among the trees. But before the Oak had fairly wakened to its full strength the winds had spent their force and all was quiet again.

Years and years passed. Every spring the giant Oak put out its tiny baby leaves to tell the world of the new life that thrilled it. The summer birds built their nests among its vigorous leaves. The great storms passed over it even as June winds sweep the blossoming apple trees.

To the generations of children that played beneath its branches its leaves whispered messages of joyous life; to the old men who rested in its shade it murmured words of peace.

The traveller, coming to gaze upon the tree wherein the life of a thousand summers was stored, thanked heaven for the beautiful lesson in repose.

The Point of View.

('Transcript.')

Once upon a time a man was walking through a farmyard, and as his eyes fell upon the different animals therein he began to reflect upon his superiority to any and all of them. His own state compared with that of these members of the so-called lower creation made him regard them with supercilious contempt, and to experience more than ever he had done before his own greatness.

While in this enviable frame of mind, and strutting about with unwonted uprightness, he suddenly heard the sound of voices. Listening attentively, he became aware that the animals were talking, and he appeared to be the subject of their conversation.

'It must be awfully tedious,' said the dog, 'to be obliged always to walk upon one's hind legs, and how awkward this man looks! I have to walk on my hind legs occasionally out of mere complacency to my master, but I am always ashamed of myself for assuming so undignified a position. And then, think how much of his time this unfortunate man has to spend in dressing, and how he is forever fretting himself about something or other! Talk of a dog's life! Who would change it for the life of a man?'

Said the hog: 'It has often made me laugh to see what a lot of dishes a man has to have when he eats his dinner, and what a fuss he makes when everything isn't just so. Really, it is perfectly ridiculous! For my part, I don't see why victuals that are going to be mixed together after they are swallowed should have to be kept apart before they are eaten. I like to have everything in one dish, and I know I couldn't enjoy a meal otherwise.'

Said the ass: 'Did you ever notice what absurd little ears a man has? To my mind they are quite a deformity. And then, when a man or a woman undertakes to sing! It is positively exasperating; so different, you know, from a fine, mellow, ear-inspiring bray.'

'And then,' said the horse, 'the idea of having to take one's shoes off upon going to bed, and putting them on upon getting up! It would worry me to death, I'm sure.'

The hen thought it must be very annoying to have to pick up one's food with one's hands and carry it to the mouth when it was so much easier to carry it to the mouth directly. Hands and arms, she went on to say, were only rudimentary wings—a fact which showed that man was an undeveloped animal.

The cow tossed up her head as she remarked how dependent man was upon her; the sheep said it amused him to see how the poor creature tried to make a sheep of himself by masquerading in sheepish apparel, and the cat referred to the ridiculous appearance of a person without a tail.

After listening to these remarks, and to what the other animals had to say, the man's step became less buoyant; and as he hung down his head in humility, he murmured:

'After all, everything depends upon the point of view.'

Three Lessons.

There are three lessons I would write,
Three words, as with a golden pen,
In tracings of eternal light
Upon the hearts of men.

Have hope! Though clouds environ now,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow—
No night but hath its morn.

Have faith! Where'er thy bark is driven,
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth,
Know this, God rules the hosts of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have love! Not love alone for one,
But man as man thy brother call;
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these words upon thy soul,
Hope, Faith, and Love; and thou shalt find
Strength when life-surges maddest roll,
Light when thou else wert blind.

—Schiller.

LESSON VIII.—NOVEMBER 24.

World's Temperance Lesson.

Isaiah v, 8-30. Memory verses 11-12.

Golden Text.

'Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine.'—Isaiah v, 22.

Lesson Text.

(11) Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them! (12) And the harp, and the viol, the tabret, and pipe, and wine are in their feasts: but they regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the operation of his hands. (13) Therefore my people are gone into captivity, because they have no knowledge; and their honorable men are famished, and their multitude dried up with thirst. (14) Therefore hell hath enlarged herself, and opened her mouth without measure: and their glory, and their multitude, and their pomp, and he that rejoiceth, shall descend into it. (15) And the mean man shall be brought down, and the mighty man shall be humbled, and the eyes of the lofty shall be humbled: (16) But the Lord of hosts shall be exalted in judgment, and God that is holy shall be sanctified in righteousness. (17) Then shall the lambs feed after their manner, and the waste places of the fat ones shall strangers eat. (18) Woe unto them that draw iniquity with cords of vanity, and sin as it were with a cart rope: (19) That say, Let him make speed, and hasten his work, that we may see it: and let the counsel of the Holy One of Israel draw nigh and come, that we may know it! (20) Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter! (22) Woe unto them that are wise in their own eyes, and prudent in their own sight! (22) Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink: (23) Which justify the wicked for reward, and take away the righteousness of the righteous from him!

Suggestions.

God's chosen people are compared to a vineyard. The Lord God had set them out in just the most favorable circumstances, a good land, good laws, and good ancestry; plenteous harvests, weekly Sabbaths, prophets and teachers; while his own loving care he watched over them and protected them from their enemies. And what was the result? Did the vine bear the rich luscious grapes that were to be expected of it? Did the people thus favored bring forth the blessed fruits of righteousness and godliness in return for all the love lavished upon them? Alas, when Jehovah looked for the pleasant fruits of his vineyard, he found nothing but wild grapes, the fruit of self indulgence and sin.

The Lord God sent his servant the prophet Isaiah to tell the men of Judah and Jerusalem that their sin and carelessness was bringing on them a swift and sure punishment. The vineyard which had brought forth wild, bitter grapes was now to be left to itself, God's protecting care would be removed and strangers and enemies would come and tread it down, laying it waste, and finally leaving the land desolate, would carry off into captivity the people who had so abused the privileges God had given them. For the vineyard of the Lord of hosts was the house of Israel and the men of Judah his pleasant plant: and he looked for judgment, but behold oppression; for righteousness, but behold a cry. Isaiah's message was one of sorrow and warning, the people were bringing upon themselves their own doom, their own woes. The prophet's warning cry was not what brought the woe, it was simply setting forth in plain terms, the reasons for their approaching punishment.

Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night till wine inflame them! And the harp and the viol, the tabret and pipe and wine are in their feasts; but they regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the operation of his hand. They give no thought to God nor to that part of their being which cries out for God, their higher powers are all forgotten as they freely indulge in their physical tastes and appetites. Man has three natures, physical, intellectual and moral, when the physical nature is allowed to control the body, the intellectual and moral senses receive little cultivation. The physical appetites are all God-given and pure but must not be exercised unlawfully or to excess. Be temperate in all things, and abstain altogether from intoxicating drinks, for strong drink inflames the passions and lessens the self control. Those who commit sin are the servants of sin (Rom. vi., 16). Those who turn away from God are carried into captivity (Isa. v., 13), by their own pride, lust and imagination. Isaiah was warning the people not only that they would be taken into captivity bodily as a punishment for their sins, but that they had already sold themselves into the bondage of sinful habits. The nations who were to come from the ends of the earth and carry the Jews off into captivity were only an outward and visible setting forth of that which had already taken place in their minds and hearts.

Woe unto them that draw iniquity with cords of vanity, and sin as it were with a cart rope. Every sin has its own punishment inevitably attached to it, he who commits a sin of any kind harnesses himself to the consequences, as it were with a cart rope. And yet a man may be so blind that he will mockingly ask what harm there is in sin, where are the evil consequences? where is the God who punishes sin? while all the time he is binding himself faster with the chains of sin and buckling on the harness of doom!

Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil! They are thereby destroying their own God-given powers of discernment between right and wrong, as well as perverting their fellow-men. The men who are the most bound down by sin call themselves free men, and call true Christians slaves, they put darkness for light and light for darkness. No man can be free unless he yields himself to Christ to be freed from his sins, for whom the son makes free is free indeed. (John viii., 34-46). Woe unto them that call evil good, those who advocate the saloon as the poor man's friend, those who advocate moderate drinking. There would be no drunkards if there were no moderate drinkers, for no man takes his first drink with the intention of finishing his career in the gutter or poorhouse.

C. E. Topic.

Sun., Nov. 24.—Topic.—Thanksgiving.—Isa. xxv., 1-8.

Junior C. E. Topic.

A JOYFUL THANKSGIVING.

Mon., Nov. 18.—Thanksgiving in song.—Ps. xxviii., 7.

Tues., Nov. 19.—'Joy to the world.'—Luke ii., 14.

Wed., Nov. 20.—'That sweet story of old.'—Mark x, 14.

Thu., Nov. 21.—'I love to tell the story.'—Mark vii., 32-36.

Fri., Nov. 22.—'Jesus loves even me.'—1 Tim. i., 15.

Sat., Nov. 23.—All should praise God.—Ps. lxvii., 3-5.

Sun., Nov. 24.—Topic.—Singing for Jesus.—Ps. cxlviii., 1-14; cxlix., 1. (A Thanksgiving song service.)

Preoccupy.

It is not enough for the Sunday-school teacher to reprove the scholar whose mind wanders; he must give the mind something to attend to, he must make his thought attractive, he must preoccupy the mind. There is enormous significance in the original meaning of our word 'prevent.' To pre-vent is, literally, to 'come before.' He who comes first may naturally hope to retain possession. If the church and the Sunday-school could only pre-vent the saloon and the gambling-hell in our new Western towns, it would make all the difference in the world. —Dr. H. L. Wayland.

French Schoolmasters to Teach Anti-Alcoholism.

French schoolmasters have just received from the Minister of Public Instruction a strongly-worded circular impressing upon them their duties as regards the drink question. The French used to be a remarkably sober race, but in the course of the past half-century, and particularly during the last twenty years, the progress made by drunkenness has been appalling. At present more alcohol is consumed per head of the population in France than in any other country. The ministerial circular calls attention to this deplorable fact, and enlarges on the extreme importance of a vigorous temperance crusade being undertaken by the University, or, in other words, by the official schoolmasters throughout France. M. Leygues orders the schoolmasters no longer to consider the inculcation of temperance principles as a merely subsidiary part of their duties. Temperance teaching is henceforth to have a recognized place in the official scholastic programmes, 'in just the same way as grammar or arithmetic,' The instruction given in this connection is to be made the subject of examinations, in which the pupils will be expected to pass. The minister advises the organization of special lectures and courses, and appeals to the entire body of schoolmasters to make it a point of honor to show the utmost zeal in promoting this most necessary campaign.

Change in Opinion.

A prominent journal of Boston said recently: 'You cannot emphasize too strongly the change in public opinion against alcohol that has been going on in this country during the last fifteen years among all classes of business men. Merchants, bankers, railway managers, in fact, employees among all classes now refuse to employ men known to be even moderate drinkers because they say alcohol unfits a man for service of any kind that requires responsibility or skill. Business men of to-day say they cannot trust a man who drinks, that alcohol clouds the brain and therefore they will not employ a drinking man. That this changed sentiment is a result of an educated public opinion as to alcohol is obvious, and that physiological temperance teaching in the public schools has contributed to produce this, is self-evident.—'Pacific Ensign.'

The Fourfold Duty of the Pulpit.

The Rev. Dr. James Stalker, of Glasgow, in concluding an address to his congregation recently on the drink evil, said—'It will always be the duty of the pulpit to insist on four things, not as matters of opinion, but in the name of God—first, that drunkenness is a deadly sin; secondly, that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God; thirdly, that it is the vocation of Christians to use the most effective means for putting an end to anything that is dishonoring to God; and, fourthly, that the only perfect defence against drunkenness is a living, working, and rejoicing religion; as the Apostle says, well knowing why he places the two states in opposition to each other, 'Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess, but be ye filled with the Spirit.'

Cigarettes.

Suppose a boy has a lot of cigarettes, and smokes a few of them every day. Is there any injury in this? I can tell you, for I have had such boys for patients. Such smoking, even in so-called moderation (as if there were any such thing as moderation in stim-

ulants for the young!), will do three things for him:—

1. It will run his pulse up to one hundred or more per minute.

2. It will reduce his weight below the healthy standard.

3. It will reduce his strength and general vitality, as will apear in his pale complexion and diminished appetite. Cigarette smoking is one of the worst habits physically that a boy can form. It injures the heart and digestion, and it tends to check the growth. It gives a lad false and silly notions, and it does not bring him into good company.—'Harper's Young People.'

An Alphabetical Rhyme.

Dr. Cyrus Edson contributes a paper to the 'North American Review' on the question, 'Is drunkenness curable?' and ends the article by reciting an alphabetic rhyme, describing all the stages of alcoholism, from the first sip to the drunkard's grave, which he learned from a patient, a young man of great ability and fine moral perceptions, who was an incurable inebriate. The doctor says that his eyes would stream with tears as he recited the following verses, describing his own case and career. It is the most truthful and graphic picture of the kind that has been printed:

A stands for Alcohol: death-like in its grip;
B for Beginner, who takes just a sip;
C for Companion who urges him on;
D for the Demon of drink that is born;
E for Endeavor he makes to resist;
F stands for Friends who so loudly insist;
G for the Guilt that he afterwards feels;
H for the Horrors that hang at his heels;
I his Intentions to drink not at all;
J stands for Jeering that follows his fall;
K for his Knowledge that he is a slave;
L stands for Liquor his appetite doth crave;
M for convivial Meeting so gay;
N stands for No he tried hard to say;
O for the Orgies that then came to pass;
P stands for Pride that he drown in his glass;
Q for the Quarrels that nightly abound;
R stands for Ruin that hovers around;
S stands for Sights, that this vision bedim;
T stands for Trembling that seizes each limb;
U for his Usefulness sunk in the slums;
V stands for Vagrant he quickly becomes;
W for Waning of life that's soon done;
X for his eXit, regretted by none;
Youth of this nation, such weakness is crime;
Zealously turn from the tempter in time.

A Warning Against Light Liquors.

We are glad to have the authority of the 'Licensing World' as confirmation of a fact we have often urged, that the drinking of lighter alcoholic liquors creates a taste for the stronger. We read in a recent issue: 'The taste of France with respect to drink seems to be changing. Light wine has all along been the national beverage. But now it would appear that spirits are more consumed than formerly. The growing consumption of strong drink has led the government to lower the duty on wine and increase the duty on spirits.' The French authorities may rest assured that no manipulating of the duty with the view of restoring a taste for light liquors will succeed. The light liquors have done all they can do; they have created a taste for spirits or the more deadly absinthe!—'Temperance Record.'

In California.

The Californian law concerning tobacco: 'Every person who sells or furnishes in any way to another who is in fact under the age of sixteen years, any tobacco, or preparation of tobacco, is guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be punished by a fine not exceeding one hundred dollars—provided however, that this section shall not be deemed to apply to sales made such minors upon the written consent of the parents or guardians of such minors first obtained in writing by the vendor.'

Correspondence

Hodgdon, Man.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy eight years old. My Grandpa Miller, who lives in New Brunswick, sends us the 'Messenger,' and we all enjoy reading it very much; it comes on Saturday, and mamma reads it on Sunday to us. I have two brothers and one sister.

SYDNEY K. S.

Langvale, Man.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger' very much. I live quite close to the Souris River. We have six cows and seven calves; we have seven horses and twenty-nine sheep. We often see prairie wolves around here. I have two miles and a half to go to school. I am ten years old. My birthday is on Dec. 9.

OLIVER B. L.

Youngs Cove, N. B.

Dear Editor,—I am ten years old. I live on a farm. We have four cows, and one calf. We have three horses. I go to school, and my teacher's name is Mr. Colwell. I am in the fourth reader. We have a cat, and a dog; our dog's name is Fuff.

GLENN A. M. S. (Aged ten.)

Saskatoon, Sask., N.W.T.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years old. This is a very pretty place in the summer time. The Saskatchewan River runs through the village. I go to school; it is quite close to our house. My teacher's name is Miss Williams, and we all like her very much. I go to Sunday-school on Sundays. My sisters get the 'Northern Messenger' at the Sunday-school, and I enjoy reading it very much. I have no pets, but I have a dear little baby brother that is a great pet. He was six months old on Oct. 27. I have three sisters, two older than myself, and one younger.

MAMIE B.

Carholme.

Dear Editor,—I have seen no letters from Carholme, so I think I will write one. I live on a farm. I go to school, the distance is three quarters of a mile. I am in the third reader. My teacher's name is Miss Hill. She is very kind to me. I will be nine years old on Nov. 15. I have taken the 'Messenger' nearly two years, and like it very much.

BESSIE A.

L'Anse Aux Beaufils, Gaspé, Que.

Dear Editor,—I never saw a letter from this county yet, so I thought I would write one. I started to take the 'Messenger' at New Year for the first time, and I must say I like it very much. There are some very nice stories, but I like the Correspondence the best. I live on a farm with my father and mother, and brother who is married and has two little children; their names are Edna, and Doris. This place is very cold in the winter months, but the summer months are lovely. It is a good farming country, and very healthy also. The men's principal work here in summer time, is farming and fishing cod fish. We have three cats, and one dog: the cats names are Min, Muff, and Minto, and the dog's name is Curly. We had a fine mare colt this summer, but we had the misfortune of losing her, but misfortunes will come, I suppose, to us all sometimes. My father has taken the 'Witness' about sixteen or seventeen years, and we all like it very much and could not do without it.

L. S. F. T.

Grand Bank, Newfoundland.

Dear Editor,—My grandma takes the 'Messenger,' and I have been looking in the Correspondence, and found there were no letters from Grand Bank, so I thought I would write. I have two sisters, Lucy and Minnie. I go to school every day. My teacher's name is Miss A. F. Hyde. I think she is a nice teacher. I think I have said enough for this time.

HAROLD P. (Aged eight.)

Barrington, Nova Scotia.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl, eight years old. I have two sisters and one brother, and I have one little brother in heaven. My little sister is one year old. I am in the third grade and I have been up to the head of my class for nearly a month. My oldest sister gets the 'Messenger' every Sunday. Mamma reads the letters to me every Sunday.

JANE H.

Clavering, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school. I like it very much. I have five brothers and six sisters. I have two cats; one of them brought in ten rabbits from the swamp this summer, and some of them were bigger than herself, and she had to bring them up a hill, and she walked backwards and dragged them after her. She also caught weasels besides mice and rats. If any of the boys' cats can beat that let me hear from them.

MORGAN B. (Aged twelve.)

Sauk Centre, Minn.

Dear Editor,—My little brother and I are all alone to-day, so we thought we could not improve our time better than to write to you. We have had pleasant weather for the past week. My father and mother and only sister are gone to Sauk Centre to-day. I have six brothers. One is learning to be a baker, one has been working for a neighbor since last spring, and three are working on the threshing machine, and the other is at home with me. Our post-office is in Sauk Centre, but we live in Ashley, about ten miles and a half away. We have a mailbox in front of the house and a mailman brings the mail, and takes our letters, so we do not have far to mail our letters. We have eight milk cows, two two-year cows, four yearlings, and seven spring calves. We have eight work horses and a spring colt. My father took two to Sauk Centre, their names are Captain and Fly. I will have to feed the horses at home. Their names are Charlie, Fan, Flo, Frank, Sady and Jessie. Fan and Sady belong to my oldest brother. Jessie and Fly belong to my next brother, and the colt, which is not named yet, belongs to a younger brother, and the rest belong to my father and mother. I like horses better than any thing else. I bridled the horses and hitched them to the top-buggy and my brother and I went for a little drive when the rest were getting ready to go to town. Well, I guess if I do not stop pretty soon, it will be too long to print. I will be looking in the paper for it. Nobody knows we are writing this, so we want to surprise them when they see it in the paper. We have been very busy this fall on account of sickness in our house, but I have always found time to read your interesting paper. We would not like to be without it.

CHARLOTTE S.

[Write again some time, but only on one side of the paper. Your letter is a very nice one. Ed.]

Your paper Free

Northern Messenger subscribers may have their own subscription extended for one year free of charge by remitting 60 cents for two **NEW** subscribers from now to the first of January 1903.

John Dougall & Son

HOUSEHOLD.

Trust in God.

(Written by Madame Guyon while imprisoned in France, (1638) for conscience's sake.)

A little bird I am,
  Shut out from fields of air,
And in my cage I sit and sing
  To Him who placed me there;
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleaseth Thee.

Naught have I else to do:
  I sing the whole day long;
And He whom most I love to please,
  Doth listen to my song:
He caught and bound my wandering wing,
But still He bends to hear me sing.

Thou hast an ear to hear,
  A heart to love and bless;
And though my notes were e'er so rude,
  Thou wouldst not hear the less;
Because Thou knowest, as they fall,
That love, sweet love, inspires them all.

My cage confines me round:
  Abroad I cannot fly:
But though my wing is closely bound,
  My heart's at liberty.
My prison walls cannot control
The flight, the freedom of the soul.

Oh! it is good to soar,
  These bolts and bars above,
To Him whose purpose I adore,
  Whose providence I love;
And in Thy mighty will to find
The joy, the freedom of the mind.

A Cure for Lies.

I had been away for the day, and when I got home at night I was troubled to learn that my little boy (aged five) had played 'hookey' and then told a lie about it—a real lie, told with the intention to deceive. What should be done about it?

It was not the first time he had told a wrong story. Evidently neither quiet talk nor ordinary punishment had been enough to cure him entirely. A call for help from the Helper above and a long think before I went to sleep, and I decided.

In the morning I said, 'Dear, mamma hears you took your playtime yesterday afternoon, so you may stay in your room this morning while the other children have their play.' (It was Saturday.)

Then I talked with him about the wrong story and said there must be something the matter with him to make him tell wrong stories, and when there is something the matter with people they have to take medicine to cure them. So I told him I should send to the drug store for medicine for him. Papa bought there a small package of dried wormwood, from a pinch of which I made a tea, cooled it, and with a teaspoon carried it soberly to my young patient. The first dose (a teaspoonful) he regarded as rather a joke, but when I carried a second dose at the end of an hour the joke faded, and he broke down, declaring he needed no more.

Five years have passed, and those two teaspoonsfuls of wormwood tea have worked a permanent cure. My little daughter has had one dose, which was equally effective, and in this spring's housecleaning I emptied the bottle and washed off the label, 'Lie Medicine.'—'Congregationalist.'

Advertisements.

A good looking horse and poor looking harness is the worst kind of a combination.
Eureka Harness Oil
not only makes the harness and the horse look better, but makes the leather soft and pliable, puts it in condition to last twice as long as it ordinarily would.
Sold everywhere in cans—all sizes. Made by
IMPERIAL OIL CO.
Give Your Horse a Chance!

SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT

are made from first grade of White Wheat, which is screened, washed, boiled, shredded and baked without being touched by the hand of man. A pure, clean food, possessing all the nourishing elements of wheat in the same proportion as Nature stored them in the grain—and Nature makes no mistakes.

When you eat Shredded Wheat Biscuit you secure all the food properties that there are and all you could get, suited for nutrition, if you ate all the kinds of food in existence.

FREE—Send name on postal for our cook book, containing valuable food information and choice recipes for preparing proper food dishes. Address

THE NATURAL FOOD CO.,
61 Front St. East, Toronto, Ont.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

EPPS'S COCOA

Prepared from the finest selected Cocoa, and distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of Flavour, Superior quality and highly Nutritive properties. Sold in quarter-pound tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & CO., Ltd., Homœopathic Chemists, London, Eng'and.

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

SILK

We have purchased the entire output of pieces from the Leading Silk Houses of Canada, and are mailing them in packages each containing a choice assortment of finest silk, in newest patterns and brilliant colors, enough to cover over 300 square inches. Nothing like them for fancy work. Mailed for 15 cents silver, 2 for 25 cents. Johnston & Co., Box 92 Toronto.

USE **BABY'S OWN** SOAP

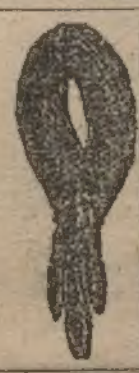
Advertisements.

1.99 $1.99 buys a Regular $5.00 Waterproof Raincoat

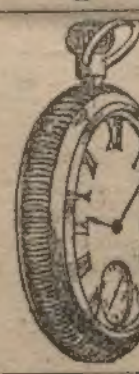
Send no money. Simply write us stating your height and chest measurement and giving the name of your nearest Express Office and we will send you this coat C.O.D., subject to examination. When it arrives try it on and examine it carefully and if found exactly as represented, the most wonderful value you ever saw or heard of, and equal to any Raincoat ever offered for $5.00, then secure it by paying the Express Agent **our Special price $1.99** and Express Charges. This **Waterproof Raincoat** is in the very latest style, easy fitting, made of fine black material, extra well finished throughout, with double sewed seams and storm collar. **The very best coat ever made for those exposed much to the weather. Will wear like iron. $1.99** does not cover the first cost of the material. We have only a few of these Coats, and wish to clear them out at once. When they are gone there will be no more at this price. **Order to day. Do not delay. Johnston & Co., Box 92 Toronto.**

$2.49 Ladies' Mackintosh

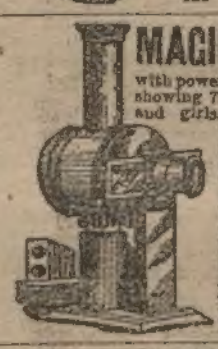
Send no Money. Simply write us giving the name of your nearest express office, also your height, bust measurement, length from collar to waist, and from waist to bottom of skirt, and we will send you C.O.D., subject to examination, this fashionable Mackintosh, made of double texture waterproof serge cloth, with cloth-covered buttons, storm collar, detachable cape and extra full sweep skirt. When it arrives at the express office call and examine it thoroughly, and if found perfectly satisfactory, exactly as represented and equal to any Mackintosh you have ever seen at $5.00, pay the express agent our **Special Price, $2.49**, for Ladies' size, or $2.25 for Misses', and express charges, and secure the biggest bargain you have ever seen. Our stock is limited, so order without delay. **JOHNSTON & CO., BOX 92 TORONTO, ONT.**



FUR RUFF FREE Earn this handsome Fur Ruff, 29 inches long, made of selected skins, a perfect imitation of the finest sable, with real pretty head and tail by selling, at 15c. each, only 16 Gold finished Rings, set with superb sparkling imitation Rubies, Turquoise, Emeralds, etc. They would sell easily at 50c. each. **At our price, only 15c., they are going like wildfire.** Write for Rings. Sell them return the money and receive this warm stylish Ruff postpaid. Order to day and be the first to sell our Rings in your neighborhood. **The Best Co., Box 1777 Toronto.**



FREE This handsome silver nickel Watch, with fancy edge and reliable movement, given for selling, at 15c. each, only 16 beautiful gold-finished Finger Rings, with brilliant imitation Rubies, Sapphires, Emeralds, Turquoise Topaz, and Garnets, in fancy claw settings. These Rings would sell anywhere at 50c. each. **People are crazy to buy them.** Write for Rings to-day. Sell them, return the money, and we will send your handsome Watch, postpaid. **THE BEST CO., BOX 122 TORONTO, ONTARIO.**



MAGIC LANTERN with powerful adjustable lenses, showing 72 comic views of boys and girls, men and women, wild animals, etc., given for selling at 10c. each only 2 doz. gold-topped, ivory backed lever Collar Buttons. **They are easy to sell.** Everybody needs them. Write for Buttons. Sell them, return the money, and receive this splendid Magic Lantern and outfit, all charges paid. You can make lots of money giving Magic Lantern shows. **THE GOLDALOID CO., BOX 1773 TORONTO, Ontario.**

FREE HORSELESS CARRIAGE The newest thing out, has wheels with pneumatic tires, run by machinery concealed beneath the carriage; seats two people, the gentleman who steers and the footman who holds a sunshade; all nicely finished in bright colors, given for selling at 10c. each, only 15 colored Rose-to Stick Pins, each set with a brilliant flashing imitation Diamond. **Nothing sells like them.** Write for Pins. Sell them, return $1.50 and receive your carriage, all charges paid. **THE ENTERPRISE CO., BOX 1775 TORONTO.**

FREE 3 Beautiful Opals that glisten with all the gorgeous colors of the Rainbow, set in a beautifully engraved gold Ring given for selling only 10 beautiful Bouquet Stick Pins at 10c. each. **Nothing sells like them.** Write for Pins. Sell them, return $1.00 and we send this handsome Opal Ring in a velvet box, postpaid. **Pin Co., Box 124 Toronto.**

NORTHERN MESSENGER

(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly).

One yearly subscription, 30c.

Three or more copies, separately addressed, 25c. each.

Ten or more to an individual address, 20c. each.

Ten or more separately addressed, 25c. per copy.

When addressed to Montreal City, Great Britain and Postal Union countries, 52c postage must be added for each copy; United States and Canada free of postage. Special arrangements will be made for delivering packages of 10 or more in Montreal. Subscribers residing in the United States can remit by Post Office Money Order on Rouse's Point, N.Y. or Express Money Order payable in Montreal.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'